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THE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

MR. WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES,
HISTORIES,
TRAGEDIES, &
POEMS

VOL. IX.

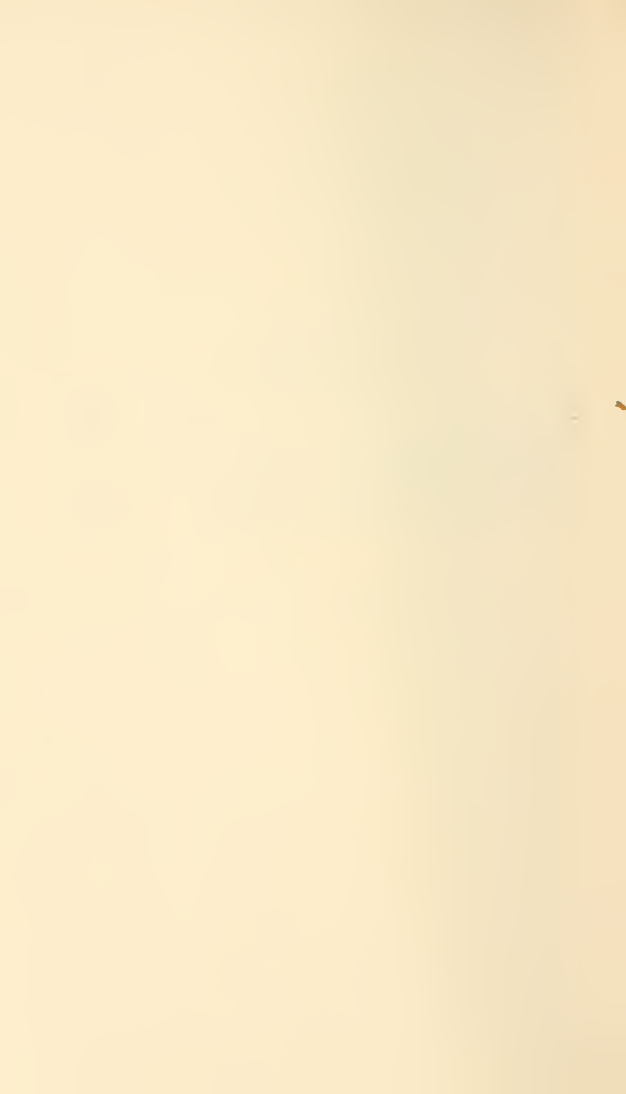
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J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA

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THE
TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, prince of Verona.

PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.

MONTAGUE, } heads of two houses at variance with each
CAPULET, } other.

An old man of the Capulet family.

ROMEO, son to Montague.

MERCUTIO, kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.

BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.

TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.

FRIAR LAURENCE, } Franciscans.
FRIAR JOHN, }

BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.

SAMPSON, } servants to Capulet.
GREGORY, }

PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse.

ABRAM, servant to Montague.

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Page to Paris ; another Page ; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.

LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.

JULIET, daughter to Capulet.

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona ; Kinsfolk of both houses ; Maskers,
Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE : Verona ; Mantua.

THE
TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

PROLOGUE.

*Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life,
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could
remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to
mend.*

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Verona. A Public Place.

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, of the house of
Capulet, with swords and bucklers.*

Sam. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry
coals.*

[submit to insults

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Romeo and Juliet

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand; I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant; when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand; and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John.* Draw (dried hake) thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back and run?

Act I Scene 1

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. [*Aside to Gregory*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Gre. [*Aside to Sampson*] Say 'better;' here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. Part, fools!

Put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their swords.*]

Romeo and Juliet

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these
heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy
sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate
the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee;

Have at thee, coward! *[They fight.]*

*Enter several of both-houses, who join the fray;
then enter Citizens, with clubs.*

1st Cit. Clubs, bills,* and partisans*! strike!
beat them down! [pikes and long-handled swords]

Down with the Capulets! down with the Mon-
tagues!

Enter Capulet in his gown, and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long
sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for
a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter Montague and Lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not, let
me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek
a foe.

Enter Prince, with his train.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you
beasts,

Act I Scene 1

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd* with peace, to part your canker'd ^{[trused}
hate.

If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away :
You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt all but Mon., La. Mon., and Ben.]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new
abroach ?

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began ?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adver-
sary

And yours close fighting ere I did approach.
I drew to part them : in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd ;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and
part,

Romeo and Juliet

Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun Peer'd forth the golden window of the east, A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ; Where, underneath the grove of sycamore That westward rooteth from the city's side, So early walking did I see your son.

Towards him I made, but he was ware of me And stole into the covert of the wood ; I, measuring his affections by my own, Which then most sought where most might not be found,

Being one too many by my weary self, Pursued my humour not pursuing his, And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen, With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs ;

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun Should in the farthest east begin to draw The shady curtains from Aurora's bed, Away from light steals home my heavy son, And private in his chamber pens himself, Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out, And makes himself an artificial night. Black and portentous must this humour prove, Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends ; But he, his own affections' counsellor,

Act I Scene 1

Is to himself—I will not say how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you,
step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.
[*Exeunt Montague and Lady.*

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours?

Rom. Not having that which, having, makes
them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled
still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me! What fray was
here?

Romeo and Juliet

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick
health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine; this love that thou hast
shown

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

Ben. Soft! I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here:
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will;
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!

Act I Scene 1

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit,
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives un-
harm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold;
O, she is rich in beauty! only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;

For beauty starv'd with her severity
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair;
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers exquisite, in question more.
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.

Romeo and Juliet

Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell ; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine,* or [give that instruction
else die in debt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 2.—A Street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike ; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning* are reputation
you both ;
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.

But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before.
My child is yet a stranger in the world ;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years :
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers
made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early
made.

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth :
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part ;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love ; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number
more.

Act I Scene 2

At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven
light :

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be :
Which on more view of many, mine being one
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me. [*To Servant, giving a paper*]

Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona ; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*]

Serv. Find them out whose names are written
here ! It is written that the shoemaker should
meddle with his yard and the tailor with his
last, the fisher with his pencil and the painter
with his nets ; but I am sent to find those persons
whose names are here writ, and can never find
what names the writing person hath here writ.
I must to the learned.—In good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's
burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish ;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning ;
One desperate grief cures with another's
languish :

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Romeo and Juliet

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-
man is;

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and—Good-den,* [good e'en]
good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good-den.—I pray, sir, can you
read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without
book; but, I pray, can you read any thing you
see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the
language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

[Reads] '*Signior Martino and his wife and
daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous
sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior
Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and
his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his
wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline;
Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt;
Lucio and the lively Helena.*'

A fair assembly; whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that
before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: my
master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be

Act I Scene 3

not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and
crush a cup* of wine. Rest you [= 'crack a bottle'
merry! *[Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lov'st,
With all the admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither, and with unattainted* eye *[impartial*
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to
fires;

And these, who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye;
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now shows
best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.
[Exeunt.

SCENE 3.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call
her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve
year old,
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-
bird!—

God forbid!—Where's this girl?—What, Juliet!

Romeo and Juliet

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter :—Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again ;

I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.

Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen* be it spoken, I have [sorrow
but four,—

She is not fourteen. How long is it now

To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—

Were of an age : well, Susan is with God ;

She was too good for me : but, as I said,

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen ;

That shall she, marry ; I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years ;

And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—

Of all the days of the year, upon that day :

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall ;

My lord and you were then at Mantua.

Nay, I do bear a brain : but, as I said,

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple

Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,

To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug !

Act I Scene 3

'Shake,' quoth the dove-house ; 'twas no need, I
 trow,

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years ;

For then she could stand alone ; nay, by the
 rood,* [cross

She could have run and waddled all about ;

For even the day before she broke her brow :

And then my husband,—God be with his soul !

A' was a merry man,—took up the child :

'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face ?

Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more
 wit ;

Wilt thou not, Jule ?' and, by my halidom,

The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay.'

To see now how a jest shall come about !

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

I never should forget it : 'Wilt thou not, Jule ?'
 quoth he ;

And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'

La. Cap. Enough of this ; I pray thee, hold thy
 peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but
 laugh,

To think it should leave crying, and say 'Ay :'

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone ;

A perilous knock ; and it cried bitterly :

'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face ?

Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age ;

Wilt thou not, Jule ?' it stinted and said 'Ay.'

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse,
 say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to
 his grace !

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd ;

Romeo and Juliet

An I might live to see thee married once
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme
I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only
nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy
teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger
than you

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a
flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very
flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the
gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament
And see how one another lends content,
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover;
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide.

Act I Scene 4

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story ;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.
Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love ?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move ;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait ; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. [*Exit Servant.*]

Juliet, the county* stays. [count

Nurse Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 4.—A Street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse ?

Or shall we on without apology ? [days gone by for

Ben. The date is out of* such prolixity.

We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper* ; [scarecrow
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance :

But let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch ; I am not for this
ambling :

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Romeo and Juliet

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes

With nimble soles ; I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover ; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and, so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe ;
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love ;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing ? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with
love ;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in ;

[Putting on a mask.]

A visor for a visor ! what care I

What curious eye doth quote* deformities ? [observe]
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter ; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me ; let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes* with their [strewn on floor]
heels,

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase :
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse,* the con- [? = be still]
stable's own word ;

If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the
mire*

[allusion to a Christmas game]

Act I Scene 4

Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight, ho!

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask ;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream
things true.

Mer. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been
with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep ;
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners'
legs,*

[long-legged spiders

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid ;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night

Romeo and Juliet

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of
love ;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
straight ;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted
are.

Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit ;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace !
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the North,

Act I Scene 5

And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from
ourselves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 5.—A Hall in Capulet's House.

*Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen,
with napkins.*

1st Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not
to take away? He shift a trencher! he scrape
a trencher!

2nd Serv. When good manners shall lie all in
one or two men's hands and they unwashed too,
'tis a foul thing.

1st Serv. Away with the joint-stools,* [*folding chair*
remove the court-cupboard,* look to the [*sideboard*
plate.—Good thou, save me a piece of march-
pane*]; and, as thou lovest me, let the [*a sweet biscuit*
porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell.—
Antony! and Potpan!

2nd Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

1st Serv. You are looked for and called for,
asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

2nd Serv. We cannot be here and there too.
—Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer
liver take all.

Romeo and Juliet

Enter Capulet, with Juliet and others of his house, meeting the Guests and Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes

Unplagu'd with corns will have a bout with you.—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?—

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day That I have worn a visor, and could tell A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, Such as would please; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.—

A hall, a hall*! give room! and foot [i.e. make way it, girls. *[Music plays, and they dance.*

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up, And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.— Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.—

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet; For you and I are past our dancing days: How long is't now since last yourself and I Were in a mask?

2nd Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio, Come Pentecost as quickly as it will, Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2nd Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;

His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?

Act I Scene 5

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. [To a Servingman] What lady is that,
which doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn
bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Mon-
tague.—

Fetch me my rapier, boy.—What dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic* face [grotesque

To flear* and scorn at our solemnity? [sneer

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore
storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,

A villain that is hither come in spite,

To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone:

He bears him like a portly gentleman;

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him

To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.

I would not for the wealth of all the town

Here in my house do him disparagement;

Romeo and Juliet

Therefore be patient, take no note of him :
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest ;
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd :
What, Goodman boy ! I say, he shall : go to ;
Am I the master here, or you ? go to.
You'll not endure him !—God shall mend my
soul !—

You'll make a mutiny among my guests !
You will set cock-a-hoop ! you'll be the man !

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to ;
You are a saucy boy : is't so, indeed ?
This trick may chance to scathe you, I know
what.

You must contrary me ! marry, 'tis time.—
Well said, my hearts !—You are a princox* ;
go : [coxcomb

Be quiet, or—More light, more light !—For
shame !

I'll make you quiet. What ! Cheerly, my hearts !

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler
meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different
greeting.

I will withdraw ; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

Rom. [*To Juliet*] If I profane with my un-
worthiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this :
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender
kiss.

Act I Scene 5

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand
too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this ;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do
touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers
too ?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in
prayer.

Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what
hands do ;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to
despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for
prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect
I take.

Thus from my lips by thine my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have
took.

Rom. Sin from my lips ? O trespass sweetly
urg'd !

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word
with you.

Rom. What is her mother ?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous.

I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal ;

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet ?

Romeo and Juliet

O dear account ! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone ; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear ; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone ;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.* [*ready*
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all :
I thank you, honest gentlemen ; good night.—
More torches here !—Come on then, let's to
bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late ;

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but Jul. and Nurse.*

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond
gentleman ?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of
door ?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young
Petruccio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would
not dance ?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate !
Too early seen unknown, and known too late !
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal.

[*One calls within 'Juliet.'*

Nurse. Anon, anon!—

Come, let's away ; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*

Act II Scene 1

Enter Chorus.

*Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair for which love groan'd for and would
die,*

*With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful
hooks.*

*Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where.*

*But passion lends them power, time means, to
meet,*

Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—A Lane by the Wall of Capulet's
Orchard.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!

Mer.

He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard
wall;

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer.

Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo and Juliet

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh!
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and
'dove;'

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid!—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger
him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these
trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night;
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.
O, Romeo, that she were, O that she were
An open, or thou a poperin* [from Poperingue, near Ypres
pear!

Act II Scene 2

Romeo, good night.—I'll to my truckle-bed ;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
Come, shall we go ?

Ben. Go, then ; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.—Capulet's Orchard.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a
wound.— [*Jul. appears above at a window.*]
But, soft ! what light through yonder window
breaks ?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

Be not her maid, since she is envious :
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off.

It is my lady, O, it is my love !

O, that she knew she were !

She speaks, yet she says nothing ; what of that ?
Her eye discourses ; I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those
stars,

As daylight doth a lamp ; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not
night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !

Romeo and Juliet

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ay me!

Rom. She speaks.

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I
speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou that thus bescreen'd
in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

Act II Scene 2

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee ;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred
words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague ?

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and
wherefore ?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt ;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but
sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee
here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from
their eyes ;
And but thou love me, let them find me here :
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out
this place ?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to
inquire ;

Romeo and Juliet

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my
face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-
night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke ; but farewell compliment !
Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say 'ay,'
And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo ; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my haviour
light ;

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be
strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion ; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, th'inconstant
moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Act II Scene 2

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Jul. Do not swear at all ;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in
thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night ;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'it lightens.' Sweet, good night !
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we
meet.

Good night, good night ! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast !

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-
night ?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow
for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst
request it ;
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it ? for what
purpose, love ?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have :
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*

I hear some noise within ; dear love, adieu !—
Anon, good nurse !—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.

Romeo and Juliet

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the
rite;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not
well,

I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come.—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief;
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want
thy light.—

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their
books,

But love from love, toward school with heavy
looks. [*Retiring slowly.*

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's
voice,

[*tiercel-gentle, the male hawk*

To lure this tassel-gentle* back again!

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,

Act II Scene 2

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,

With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name ;
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My dear ?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail ; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning ; I would have thee gone,

And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, * [shackles
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I ;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,

That I shall say good night till it be morrow

[*Exit, above.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast !

Romeo and Juliet

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE 3.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, with a basket.

Fri. L. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the
frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of
light,
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage* of ours [basket
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb ;
What is her burying grave that is her womb,
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities !
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give ;
Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power ;
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
part,
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still

Act II Scene 3

In man as well as herbs,—grace and rude will ;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. L. Benedicite !

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
reign.

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-rous'd with some distemperature ;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true ; the sweeter rest was
mine.

Fri. L. God pardon sin ! wast thou with
Rosaline ?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. L. That's my good son ; but where hast
thou been, then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded ; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy
drift ;

Romeo and Juliet

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear
love is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;

And all combin'd, save what thou must combine

By holy marriage. When and where and how

We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,

I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,

That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is
here !

Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,

So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine

Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !

How much salt water thrown away in waste,

To season love, that of it doth not taste !

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;

Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit

Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.

If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,

Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline ;

And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence
then :

Women may fall, when there's no strength in
men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L.

Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she whom I
love now

Act II Scene 4

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow ;
The other did not so.

Fri. L. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence! I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. L. Wisely and slow; they stumble that
run fast. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 4.—A Street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted
wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a
letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master,
how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead;
stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot
thorough the ear with a love-song; the very
pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's
butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you.
O, he is the courageous captain of compliments.

Romeo and Juliet

He fights as you sing prick-song,* [written music keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado*! the [step forward or aside in fencing punto reverso*! the hay*! [back-handed stroke [you have it

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gypsy; Helen and Hero hildings* and harlots; Thisbe a grey [menials eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop.* You gave [large loose breeches us the counterfeit* fairly last night. [played a trick

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Act II Scene 4

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to curtsy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said; follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting*; it is a most sharp sauce.

[an apple so called]

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Romeo and Juliet

Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad;' which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.*

[i.e. against the grain]

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.*

[point of noon]

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

Act II Scene 4

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said ; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a'?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you ; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith ; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd ! So ho !

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir ; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in Lent ;

But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner, thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady ; farewell, [*singing*] 'lady, lady, lady.' [*Exeunt Mer. and Ben.*]

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery*? [froguery]

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is,

Romeo and Juliet

and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills*; I am none of his [flirting-gills skains-mates.*—And thou must stand [scape-graces by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young, and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord! she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Act II Scene 4

Rom. Go to ; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir ? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall ;

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled
stair* ;

[a rope ladder

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night. [requite

Farewell ! Be trusty, and I 'll quit* thy pains.

Farewell ! Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee ! Hark
you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse ?

Nurse. Is your man secret ? Did you ne'er
hear say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away ?

Rom. I warrant thee my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir ; my mistress is the sweetest
lady—Lord, Lord ! when 'twas a little prating
thing,—O ! there's a nobleman in town, one
Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard ; but
she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very
toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and
tell her that Paris is the properer man ; but,
I 'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as
pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not
rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter ?

Rom. Ay, nurse ; what of that ? both with
an R.

Nurse. Ah ! mocker ; that's the dog's name.
R is for the— No ; I know it begins with some
other letter ; and she hath the prettiest senten-
tious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would
do you good to hear it.

Romeo and Juliet

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit Romeo.*
Peter!

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. Before, and apace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 5.—The Same. Capulet's Orchard.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send
the nurse ;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him : that's not so.
O ! she is lame : love's heralds should be
thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's
beams

Driving back shadows over louring hills :
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me :
But old folks, many feign as they were dead ;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and Peter.

O God ! she comes. O honey nurse ! what news ?
Hast thou met with him ? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse ; O Lord ! why
look'st thou sad ?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily ;

Act II Scene 5

If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile:
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I
had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy
news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good
nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste! can you not stay
awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath when thou
hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance*:

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad? [await particulars]

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice;
you know not how to choose a man: Romeo!
no, not he; though his face be better than any
man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a
hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be
not to be talked on, yet they are past compare.
He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll
warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy
ways, wench; serve God. What! have you
dined at home?

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a
head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side; O, my back, my back!

Romeo and Juliet

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says
my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother! why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest:
'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?'

Nurse. O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil! come, what says
Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift
to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence'
cell;

There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark;
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! honest nurse, fare-
well. [Exeunt.]

Act II Scene 6

SCENE 6.—The Same. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady: O! so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for
us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too
much.

Rom. Ah! Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Romeo and Juliet

Jul. Conceit,* more rich in matter [imagination
than in words,

Braggs of his substance, not of ornament :
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make
short work ;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—Verona. A Public Place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire :
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl ;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stir-
ring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that
when he enters the confines of a tavern claps
me his sword upon the table and says, 'God
send me no need of thee!' and by the opera-
tion* of the second cup draws it on the [effect
drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow ?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in
thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to
be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to ?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.
Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that
hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than

Act III Scene 1

thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter Tybalt and others.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what! dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddle-

Romeo and Juliet

stick ; here's that shall make you dance.
'Zounds ! consort !

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men :
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart ; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let
them gaze ;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir. Here
comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your
livery :

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower ;
Your worship in that sense may call him 'man.'

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love
thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting ; villain am I none,
Therefore farewell ; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me ; therefore turn and
draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :
And so, good Capulet, which name I tender
As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !
*Alla stoccata** carries it away.

[a rapier-thrust

[*Draws.*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Act III Scene 1

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher* by the *Is*cabbard ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.—

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.
Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio!

[*Exeunt Tybalt and his partisans.*

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both your houses!—Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Romeo and Juliet

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me. I have it,
And soundly too; your houses!

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman!—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

Re-enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth
depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back
again.

Re-enter Tybalt.

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,*

And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again
That late thou gavest me! for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort
him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Act III Scene 1

Rom. This shall determine that.
[*They fight; Tybalt falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amaz'd; the prince will doom thee
death,
If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay? [*Exit Romeo.*]

Enter Citizens, etc.

1st Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1st Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, attended; Montague, Capulet,
their Wives, and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this
fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's
child!

O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand
did slay;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: all this, uttered

Romeo and Juliet

With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
bow'd,

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and swifter than
his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence.

Act III Scene 2

I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleed-
ing;

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:
Therefore use none; let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will;
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.—Capulet's Orchard.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging; such a waggoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle, till strange love grown
bold

Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night, come, Romeo, come, thou day in
night;

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.

Romeo and Juliet

Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd
night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them.—O, here comes my
nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that
speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou
there? the cords

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse.

Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.]

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou
wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,
he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!

Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse.

Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo, Romeo!

Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment
me thus?

Act III Scene 2

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but ay,
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an *I*;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer ay.
If he be slain, say ay; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine
eyes—

God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood; I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt,
break at once!

To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here,
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!

Romeo and Juliet

Despised substance of divinest show !
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain !
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound ? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace !

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men ; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man ? give me some *aqua vitæ*.—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows, make
me old.

Shame come to Romeo !

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish ! he was not born to shame :
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit ;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him !

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd
your cousin ?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my
husband ?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth
thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it ?
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my
cousin ?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring ;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ;

Act III Scene 2

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband :

All this is comfort ; wherefore weep I then ?
Some word there was, worsen than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me. I would forget it fain ;
But, O, it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds :
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished !'
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there ;
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship [must needs
And needly will* be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern* lamentation might have [ordinary
mov'd ?

But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
'Romeo is banished !'—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished !'
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death ; no words can that woe
sound.—

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse ?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's
corse :

Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears ; mine
shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords.—Poor ropes, you are
beguil'd,

Both you and I ; for Romeo is exil'd :
He made you for a highway to my bed ;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Romeo and Juliet

Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding
bed;

But death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you; I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true
knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 3.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou
fearful man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's
doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. L. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company;
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doomsday is the prince's
doom?

Fri. L. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his
lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say
'death';
For exile hath more terrôr in his look,
Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'

Fri. L. Hence from Verona art thou banished:

Act III Scene 3

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: then banished,
Is death misterm'd; calling death banishment
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind
prince,

Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banish-
ment:

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is
here,

Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship* [*courtesy*
lives

In carion-flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished.
This may flies do, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground
knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But 'banished' to kill me?—Banished!

Romeo and Juliet

O friar, the damned use that word in hell ;
Howling attends it : how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word 'banished?'

Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me but
speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off that
word ;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not ; talk no more.

Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men
have no eyes?

Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost
not feel.

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou
tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Knocking within.*

Fri. L. Arise ; one knocks : good Romeo, hide
thyself.

Rom. Not I ; unless the breath of heart-sick
groans

Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knocking.*

Act III Scene 3

Fri. L. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?
—Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up;
[*Knocking.*

Run to my study.—By and by!—God's will,
What simpleness is this!—I come, I come!

[*Knocking.*

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
your will?

Nurse. [*Within*] Let me come in, and you
shall know my errand;

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own
tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubber-
ing.—

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the
end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murtherer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Romeo and Juliet

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps ;
And now falls on her bed ; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls ; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murther her ; as that name's cursed hand
Murther'd her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell
me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge ? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand !
Art thou a man ? thy form cries out thou art :
Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast :
Unseemly woman in a seeming man !
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both !
Thou hast amaz'd me ; by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thy-
self ?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself ?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and
earth ?
Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do
meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy
wit,
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy
wit.

Act III Scene 3

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man ;
Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to
cherish ;

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;
There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there art thou happy
too :

The law that threaten'd death becomes thy
friend

And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy :
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back ;
Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her :
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse ; commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
Romeo is coming.

Romeo and Juliet

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night

To hear good counsel ; O, what learning is !—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you,
sir ;

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit.*

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

Fri. L. Go hence ; good night ; and here
stands all your state :

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence.

Sojourn in Mantua ; I'll find out your man,

And he shall signify from time to time

Every good hap to you that chances here.

Give me thy hand ; 'tis late : farewell ; good
night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee.

Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 4.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly ;
And so did I.—Well, we were born to die.—

'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night ;

I promise you, but for your company,

I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.

Madam, good night ; commend me to your
daughter.

Act III Scene 4

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early
to-morrow;

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt
it not.—

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday
next—

But, soft! what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is
too soon;

O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?

We'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two;

For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much:

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there an end. But what say you to
Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were
to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone; o' Thursday be it
then.

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—

Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!

Afore me*! it is so very late, that we [On my life

May call it early by and by.—Good night.

[Exeunt.]

Romeo and Juliet

SCENE 5.—Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Romeo and Juliet.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day :
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale ; look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I ;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go ;
Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.
How is 't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is ; hie hence, be gone, away !
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division ;
This doth not so, for she divideth us.
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too !
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

Act III Scene 5

Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up* to [a reveille
the day.

O, now be gone ; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—More dark and
dark our woes !

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam !

Jul. Nurse ?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your
chamber.

The day is broke ; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell ! one kiss, and I'll
descend. [*Romeo descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so ? love, lord, ay, hus-
band, friend !

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days ;
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo !

Rom. Farewell ! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again ?

Rom. I doubt it not ; and all these woes shall
serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul !

Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb ;

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you ;
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu !

[*Exit.*

Jul. O fortune, fortune ! all men call thee fickle ;
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

Romeo and Juliet

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [Within] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's
death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with
tears?

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him
live;

Therefore, have done: some grief shows much
of love,

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not
the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much
for his death

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he be many miles asunder.—
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer
lives.

Act III Scene 5

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.

Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not;

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,

Romeo and Juliet

Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste ; that I must wed

Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,

I will not marry yet ; and, when I do, I swear,

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,

Rather than Paris. These are news indeed !

La. Cap. Here comes your father ; tell him so yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew ;

But for the sunset of my brother's son

It rains downright.—

How now ! a conduit, girl ? what, still in tears ?

Evermore showering ? in one little body

'Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind :

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,

Sailing in this salt flood ; the winds, thy sighs ;

Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,

Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife !

Have you deliver'd to her our decree ?

La. Cap. Ay, sir ; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave !

Cap. Soft ! take me with you, take me with you, wife.

How ! will she none ? doth she not give us thanks ?

Act III Scene 5

Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud you have, but thankful that
you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

Cap. How now, how now, chop-logic! What
is this?

'Proud' and 'I thank you' and 'I thank you not,'
And yet 'not proud!' Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you bag-
gage!

You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
wretch!

I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us
blest

That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your
tongue,

Romeo and Juliet

Good prudence ; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye god-den.

Nurse. May not one speak ?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool !

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl ;

For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread ! it makes me mad :

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd ; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a
man,—

And then to have a wretched puling fool, [dolt]

A whining mammet,* in her fortune's tender,

To answer 'I'll not wed ; I cannot love,

I am too young ; I pray you, pardon me.'

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you ;

Graze where you will, you shall not house with
me :

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise.

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;

An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the
streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,

Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.

Trust to't, bethink you ; I'll not be forsworn.

[Exit.]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

That sees into the bottom of my grief ?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !

Act III Scene 5

Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a
word ;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[*Exit.*

Jul. O God ! O nurse, how shall this be prevented ?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth ? comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise strata-
gems

Upon so soft a subject as myself !—

What say'st thou ? hast thou not a word of
joy ?

Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here 'tis. Romeo
Is banished, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman !
Romeo's a dishclout to him ; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first ; or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nurse. And from my soul too ;
Or else beshrew them both.

Romeo and Juliet

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.
[*Exit.*]

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Inmoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,

Act IV Scene 1

And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears,
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. L. [*Aside*] I would I knew not why it
should be slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday
next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. L. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this
father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with
tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it more than tears with
that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slan-
der'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

Romeo and Juliet

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
now.—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*]

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast
done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past
help!

Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of
this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it;
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our
hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. L. Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,

Act IV Scene 1

Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring
bears;

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me
tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give
consent

To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow:
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.* [cease
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;

Romeo and Juliet

Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death :
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come ; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me ! O, tell not me of fear !

Fri. L. Hold ; get you gone, be strong and
prosperous

In this resolve : I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength ! and strength
shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 2.—Hall in Capulet's House.

*Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and
two Servingmen.*

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.
[*Exit Servant.*

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2nd Serv. You shall have none ill, sir, for I'll
try if they can lick their fingers.

Act IV Scene 2

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2nd Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers; therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone. [Exit Servant.]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her;

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Enter Juliet.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

And beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this. I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell; And gave him what becomed love I might,

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,— stand up:

This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;

Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—

Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,

All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet, To help me sort such needful ornaments

Romeo and Juliet

As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her; we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision; 'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about, And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife. Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her: I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone; I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—

They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself To County Paris, to prepare him up Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous light, Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 3.—Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse, I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night; For I have need of many orisons To move the heavens to smile upon my state, Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho! need you my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries As are behoveful for our state to-morrow: So please you, let me now be left alone, And let the nurse this night sit up with you;

Act IV Scene 3

For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night ;

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

Jul. Farewell!—God knows when we shall
meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life ;

I'll call them back again to comfort me.—

Nurse! What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

No, no! This shall forbid it.—Lie thou there.

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is ; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still* been tried a holy man. [*ever*]

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes
in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit* of death and night, [*thought*]
Together with the terror of the place,—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where for these many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd :

Romeo and Juliet

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them run mad;—
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's
bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.]

SCENE 4.—Hall in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch
more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the
pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock
hath crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock.—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica;
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow

Act IV Scene 4

For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit. What! I have watch'd
ere now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt*
in your time; [a woman-hunter

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

*Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits,
logs, and baskets.*

Now, fellow,

What's there?

1st Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know
not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit Servant.*]
Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2nd Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find
out logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson,
ha!

Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 'tis day:

The county will be here with music straight,

For so he said he would. I hear him near.

[*Music within.*

Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;

I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,

Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:

Make haste, I say.

[*Exeunt.*

Romeo and Juliet

SCENE 5.—Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast,
I warrant her, she.—

Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why,
bride!

What, not a word? you take your pennyworth
now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant
The County Paris hath set up his rest
That thou shall rest but little. God forgive me,
Marry, and amen. How sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam,
madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?

[Undraws the curtains.]

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down
again!

I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!
Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some *aqua vitæ*, ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me! My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help! Call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord
is come.

Act IV Scene 5

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack
the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead!

Cap. Ha! let me see her. Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated.
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to
make me wail,
Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

*Enter Friar Laurence and Paris, with
Musicians.*

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to
church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she
lies,

Flower as she was, deflower'd by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morn-
ing's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hate-
ful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

Romeo and Juliet

And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight !

Nurse. O woe ! O woful, woful, woful day !
Most lamentable day, most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold !
O day ! O day ! O day ! O hateful day !
Never was seen so black a day as this :
O woful day, O woful day !

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain !
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown !
O love ! O life ! not life, but love in death !

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd,
kill'd !

Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity ?—
O child ! O child ! my soul, and not my child !
Dead art thou ! Alack ! my child is dead ;
And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame ! confusion's
cure lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid ; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid :
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd ;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself ?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well ;
She's not well married that lives married long,
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse, and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church ;

Act IV Scene 5

For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral :
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. L. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with
him ;—

And go, Sir Paris ;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do lower upon you for some ill ;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Cap., L. Cap., Par., and Fri.*

1st Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and
be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up ;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*

1st Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be
amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease,
Heart's ease :'

O, an you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'

1st Mus. Why, 'Heart's ease?'

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself
plays 'My heart is full of woe :' O, play me
some merry dump,* to comfort me. [*doleful strain*

1st Mus. Not a dump we ; 'tis no time to play
now.

Pet. You will not, then ?

1st Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1st Mus. What will you give us ?

Romeo and Juliet

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleeek* ;
I will give you the minstrel. [scorn

1st Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets : I'll re you, I'll fa you ; do you note me ?

1st Mus. An you re us and fa us, you note us.

2nd Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit ! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men :

*' When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound'—*

why 'silver sound?' why 'music with her silver sound?'—What say you, Simon Catling* ? [Catgut

1st Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound. [a three-stringed fiddle

Pet. Pretty!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck* ?

2nd Mus. I say 'silver sound,' because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost ?

3rd Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy ; you are the singer : I will say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound,' because musicians have no gold for sounding :

' Then music with her silver sound

With speedy help doth lend redress.' [Exit.

1st Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same !

2nd Mus. Hang him, Jack ! Come, we'll in here ; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

[Exeunt.

Act V Scene 1

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—Mantua. A Street.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;

And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—

Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!—

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,

That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,

When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter Balthasar.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!

Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?

How doth my lady? Is my father well?

How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;

For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;

Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,

And her immortal part with angels lives.

I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,

And presently took post to tell it you.

O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,

Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—

Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,

And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience;

Romeo and Juliet

Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd ;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar ?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter : get thee gone,
And hire those horses ; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit Balthasar.*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means.—O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men !
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes ; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,
' An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.'
O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me !
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary.

Ap.

Who calls so loud ?

Act V Scene 1

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art
poor :

Hold, there is forty ducats ; let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's
law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretched-
ness,
And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :
The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's
souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst
not sell.

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell ; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave ; for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Romeo and Juliet

SCENE 2.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar John.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar John.—

Welcome from Mantua; what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Fri. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Fri. L. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,* but full of charge strifing
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[*Exit.*

Act V Scene 3

SCENE 3.—A Churchyard ; in it a Tomb belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy ; hence, and stand aloof :

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground ;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard ; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal
bed I strew.

O woe ! thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans ;
The obsequies that I for thee will keep.
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[*The Page whistles.*]

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite ?
What, with a torch !—Muffle me, night, awhile.

[*Retires.*]

Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, mattock, etc.

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.

Romeo and Juliet

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is partly to behold my lady's face,
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment. Therefore hence, be gone;
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy
limbs.

The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.

Take thou that:

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good
fellow.

Bal. [*Aside*] For all this same, I'll hide me
hereabout;

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of
death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

[*Opens the tomb.*]

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin,—with which
grief,

It is supposed, the fair creature died,—

Act V Scene 3

And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies ; I will apprehend him.—

[*Advances.*

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague !
Can vengeance be pursued further than death ?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee ;
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I
hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man ;
Fly hence, and leave me : think upon these gone ;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury ; O, be gone !
By heaven, I love thee better than myself ;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.
Stay not, be gone ; live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at
thee, boy ! [They fight.]

Page. O Lord, they fight ! I will go call the
watch. [Exit.]

Par. O, I am slain ! [Falls] If thou be merci-
ful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies.]

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris !
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode ? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet ;
Said he not so ? or did I dream it so ?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so ?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !

Romeo and Juliet

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth;
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying Paris in the tomb.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death; O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee:
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O,
 here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your
 last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

Act V Scene 3

Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.
[*Dies.*]

*Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Friar
Laurence, with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft
to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's
there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
you well.

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my
friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my
master,
One that you love.

Fri. L. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. L. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:

My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. L. Stay, then; I'll go alone.—Fear comes
upon me;

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing!

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,

Romeo and Juliet

I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him. *[Exit.*

Fri. L. Romeo! *[Advances.*

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[Enters the tomb.

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

The lady stirs. *[Juliet wakes.*

Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?—
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

[Noise within.

Fri. L. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from
that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet. *[Noise again.]* I dare no
longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.

[Exit Friar Laurence.

What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's
hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. *[Kisses him.*

Act V Scene 3

Thy lips are warm.

1st Watch. [*Within*] Lead, boy; which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger! [*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*

This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*]; there rust, and let me die.

[*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1st Watch. The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard.

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.

[*Exeunt some.*

Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain;

And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain these two days buried.—

Go, tell the prince; run to the Capulets;

Raise up the Montagues; some others search.

[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie

But the true ground of all these piteous woes

We cannot without circumstance* [*further particulars*]
descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

2nd Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

1st Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Re-enter others of the Watch, with Friar Laurence.

3rd Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps;

We took this mattock and this spade from him,

Romeo and Juliet

As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1st Watch. A great suspicion; stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek
abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris, and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in
our ears?

1st Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County
Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul
murder comes.

1st Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd
Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O heaven! — O wife, look how our
daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en, — for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague, —
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Act V Scene 3

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in
this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a
while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true
descent;

And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know
in this.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of
breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife.
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this
city,

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County Paris; then comes she to me,

Romeo and Juliet

And with wild looks bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion ; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death : meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo ;
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience ;
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know ; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy : and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd some hour before his time
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy
man.—

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's
death,

And then in post he came from Mantua

Act V Scene 3

To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in the
vault,

If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter ; I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the
watch?—

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave ;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.

Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,

And by and by my master drew on him ;

And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's
words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death ;

And here he writes that he did buy a poison

Of a poor pothecary, and therewithal

Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet.

Where be these enemies?—Capulet ! Montague !

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,

That heaven finds means to kill your joys with
love !

And I, for winking at your discords too,

Have lost a brace of kinsmen ; all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand ;
This is my daughter s jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more ;
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That while Verona by that name is known
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie ;

Romeo and Juliet

Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with
it brings;

The sun for sorrow will not show his head.

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:

For never was a story of more woe

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*]

THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, of Athens.

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS, } flattering lords.
SEMPRONIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian captain.

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian.

FLAMINIUS, }
LUCILIUS, } servants to Timon.
SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS, }
TITUS, } servants to Timon's creditors.
LUCIUS, }
HORTENSIUS, }

And others,

A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers.

PHRYNIA, }
TIMANDRA, } mistresses to Alcibiades.

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE: Athens, and the neighbouring woods.

TIMON OF ATHENS

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Athens. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you 're well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; how goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known; But what particular rarity? what strange, Which manifold record not matches? See, Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd,*
as it were, [exercised

To an untirable and continue goodnes; ;

He passes.* [surpasses

Jew. I have a jewel here—

Mer. O, pray, let's see't! for the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate; but, for that—

Timon of Athens

Poet. [*Reciting to himself*] 'When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.'

Mer. 'Tis a good form.
[*Looking at the jewel.*]

Jew. And rich; here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd. The fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and like the current flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book
forth? [its presentation]

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment,* sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis; this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable! how this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?

Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors nature; artificial strife* [rivalry of art]
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Act I Scene 1

Poet. The senators of Athens.—Happy man!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood
of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment. My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax; no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will unbolt* to you. [unfold
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord Timon. His large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties* to his love and [appropriates
tendance

All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd
flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd; the base o' the
mount

[covered with ranks of all degrees
Is rank'd with all deserts,* all kinds of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states.* [increase their fortunes
Amongst them all,

Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,

Timon of Athens

One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to
her,
Whose present grace to present slaves and
servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to* scope. [according to the
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, me-
thinks,

With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.* [? art, i.e. painting

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change
of mood
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip
down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common;
A thousand moral paintings I can show
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of
Fortune's
More pregnantly* than words. Yet you do [readily
well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.* [i.e. changes of fortune

Act I Scene 1

Trumpets sound. Enter Lord Timon, addressing himself courteously to every suitor; a Messenger from Ventidius talking with him; Lucilius and other servants following.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; five talents* is his debt,
[Attic talent = £230

His means most short, his creditors most strait.
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and
free him.

Mess. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him. I will send his
ransom;

And being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mess. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so; what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man
before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this
thy creature,

Timon of Athens

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift ;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.* [who is but a servant

Tim.

Well ; what further ?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin
else,

On whom I may confer what I have got.
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love : I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort* ; [to resort to her
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim.

The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon.

His honesty rewards him in itself ;

It must not bear* my daughter.

[bear off

Tim.

Does she love him ?

Old Ath. She is young and apt ;

Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To *Lucilius*] Love you the maid ?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be
missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim.

How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband ?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present ; in
future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me
long ;

To build his fortune I will strain a little,

Act I Scene 1

For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter;
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my
promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship. Never
may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you!

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live
your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me
anon:

Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find I like it; wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me
your hand;

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere* satiety of commendations.

If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd, [an absolute
It would unclaw* me quite. [undo]

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated

Timon of Athens

As those which sell would give ; but you well
know,

Things of like value differing in the owners
Are prized by* their masters. Believe't, dear
lord, [valued according to

You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord ; he speaks the common
tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter Apemantus.

Jew. We'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good
morrow ;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves
honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves ? thou
know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians ?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus ?

Apem. Thou know'st I do ; I call'd thee by
thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not
like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going ?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's
brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Act I Scene 1

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You're a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehendest it, take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet!

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest; look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feigned; he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay

Timon of Athens

thee for thy labour ; he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord !

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus ?

Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now ; hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself ?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore ?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.— Art not thou a merchant ?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not !

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god ; and thy god confound thee !

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that ?

Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them ; give them guide to us. [*Exeunt some Attendants.*

You must needs dine with me. Go not you hence Till I have thank'd you ; and when dinner's done, Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.*

[to see you

Enter Alcibiades, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir !

Apem. So, so, there !

Aches contract and starve your supple joints !
That there should be small love 'mongst these
sweet knaves,

And all this courtesy ! The strain of man's
bred out

Act I Scene 1

Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I
feed

Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir!

Ere we depart, we 'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all except Apemantus.]

Enter two Lords.

1st Lord. What time o' day is 't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1st Lord. That time serves still.* *[always]*

Apem. The more accursed thou, that still
omitt'st it.

2nd Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's
feast?

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine
heat fools.

2nd Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell
twice.

2nd Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for
I mean to give thee none.

1st Lord. Hang thyself!

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding;
make thy requests to thy friend.

2nd Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll
spurn thee hence!

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass.
[Exit.]

1st Lord. He's opposite to humanity.—

Come, shall we in,

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

Timon of Athens

2nd Lord. He pours it out ; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward : no need* but he repays [merit]
Sevenfold above itself, no gift to him
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.* [all customary returns]

1st Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

2nd Lord. Long may he live in fortunes ! Shall
we in ?

1st Lord. I'll keep you company. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE 2.—A Banqueting-room in Timon's House.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in ; Flavius and others attending ; then enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, Senators, and Ventidius. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my
father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich ;
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose
help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius ; you mistake my love
I gave it freely ever ; and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives.
If our betters play at that game, we must not
dare
To imitate them ; faults that are rich are fair.

Act I Scene 2

Ven. A noble spirit!

Tim. Nay, my lords,

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.*]

Ceremony was but devis'd at first

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;

But where there is true friendship, there needs
none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*]

1st Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have
you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

Apem. No,

You shall not make me welcome;

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou'rt a churl; ye've got a humour
there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame.—

They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*; but
yond man is ever angry. Go, let him have a
table by himself, for he does neither affect
company, nor is he fit for't, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon.
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an
Athenian, therefore welcome. I myself would
have no power; prithee, let my meat make thee
silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me,
for I should ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods,
what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees
'em not! It grieves me to see so many dip their
meat in one man's blood; and all the madness
is, he cheers them up too.

Timon of Athens

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men :
Methinks they should invite them without
knives ;

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't ; the fellow who
sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges
the breath of him in a divided draught, is the
readiest man to kill him : 't has been proved. If
I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals,
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous
notes ;

Great men should drink with harness on their
throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart ; and let the health go
round.

2nd Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way ! A brave fellow ! he
keeps his tides well. Those healths will make
thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's that
which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water,
which ne'er left man i' the mire.

This and my food are equals, there's no odds ;
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus's grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ;
I pray for no man but myself.
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond,
Or a harlot for her weeping,
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't ;
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[Eats and drinks.]

Act I Scene 2

Much good dich* thy good heart, [may it do Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em!

1st Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you; how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits; and what better or properer can

Timon of Athens

we call our own than the riches of our friends? Oh, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepst to make them drink,
Timon.

2nd Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,

And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3rd Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much! [Tucket, within.]

Tim. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now?

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon! and to all That of his bounties taste! The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear, Taste, touch, and smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Act I Scene 2

Tim. They 're welcome all ; let 'em have kind admittance.—

Music, make their welcome ! [*Exit Cupid.*

1st Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you 're belov'd.

Music. *Re-enter Cupid, with a mask of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way !

They dance ! they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves ;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men

Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spite and envy. [*disparaged*

Who lives that 's not depraved* or depraves ?

Who dies that bears not one spurn to their graves

Of their friends' gift ?

I should fear those that dance before me now

Would one day stamp upon me : 't has been done ;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon ; and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,

Which was not half so beautiful and kind ;

You have added worth unto 't and lustre,

And entertain'd me with mine own device :

I am to thank you for 't.

Timon of Athens

1st Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.
Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle* banquet *(trifling)* attends you ;
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Ladies. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.]

Tim. Flavius.

Flav. My lord ?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. *[Aside]* More jewels yet !
There is no crossing him in 's humour ;
Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.

'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. *[Exit.]*

1st Lord. Where be our men ?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2nd Lord. Our horses !

Re-enter Flavius, with the casket.

Tim. O' my friends,
I have one word to say to you.—Look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance* this jewel ; accept it and *[enhance]* wear it,
Kind my lord.

1st Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate,

Act I Scene 2

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word ; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near ! why then, another time I'll hear
thee.

I prithee, let's be provided to show them enter-
tainment.

Flav. [*Aside*] I scarce know how.

Enter a second Servant.

2nd Serv. May it please your honour, Lord
Lucius,

Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly ; let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now ! what news ?

3rd Serv. Please you, my lord, that honour-
able gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your
company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has
sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him ; and let them be
receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside*] What will this come to ?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer ;
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promises fly so beyond his state
That what he speaks is all in debt ; he owes
For every word. He is so kind that he now
Pays interest for't ; his land's put to their books.

Timon of Athens

Well, would I were gently put out of office
Before I were forc'd out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own
merits.—

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2nd Lord. With more than common thanks I
will receive it.

3rd Lord. O, he's the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2nd Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my
lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I
know, no man

Can justly praise but what he does affect.

I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

1st Lord. We are so virtuously bound—

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

2nd Lord. So infinitely endear'd—

Act I Scene 2

Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights!

1st Lord. The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord
Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.*]

Apem. What a coil's here!
Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of
dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound
legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on
court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not
sullen, I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be
bribed too, there would be none left to rail
upon thee, and then thou wouldst sin the
faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me
thou wilt give away thyself in paper* [in bonds
shortly. What need these feasts, pomps, and
vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society
once, I am sworn not to give regard to you.
Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*]

Apem. So.
Thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not then:
I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*]

Timon of Athens

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—A Senator's House.

Enter Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand; to Varro and to Isidore

He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would sell my horse and buy twenty mœ* [more]
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight,
And able horses. No porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety.—Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord
Timon;

Importune him for my moneys. Be not ceas'd
With slight denial, nor then silenc'd when—
'Commend me to your master'—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates*

[i.e. broken promises]

Have smit my credit. I love and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,

Act II Scene 2

But find supply immediate. Get you gone :
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand ; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. 'I go, sir!'—Take the bonds along with
you,

And have the dates in compt.* [i. e. for reckoning interest

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.—A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot ; takes no account
How things go from him, nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue : never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done ? he will not hear, till feel.
I must be round with him, now he comes from
hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

*Enter Caphis, and the servants of Isidore and
Varro.*

Caph. Good even, Varro. What,
You come for money ?

Serv. of Var. Is 't not your business too ?

Caph. It is.—And yours too, Isidore ?

Serv. of Isid. It is so.

Caph. Would we were all discharg'd * ! [paid

Serv. of Var. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Timon of Athens

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, and Lords, etc.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth
again,

My Alcibiades.—With me? what is your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues! Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put
me off

To the succession of new days this month.

My master is awak'd by great occasion

To call upon his own, and humbly prays you

That with your other noble parts you'll suit

In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I prithee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Serv. of Var. One Varro's servant, my good
lord,—

Serv. of Isid. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment.

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's
wants—

Serv. of Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my
lord, six weeks

And past.

Serv. of Isid. Your steward puts me off, my
lord;

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

I'll wait upon you instantly.

[Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.]

[To Flavius] Come hither. Pray you,

Act II Scene 2

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business.
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends.—See them well
entertain'd. *[Exit.*

Flav. Pray, draw near. *[Exit.*

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with
Apemantus; let's ha' some sport with 'em.

Serv. of Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Serv. of Isid. A plague upon him, dog!

Serv. of Var. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Serv. of Var. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. *[To the Fool]* Come
away.

Serv. of Isid. There's the fool hangs on your
back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not
on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor
rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold
and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do
not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Timon of Athens

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool; how does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 't die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone. [*Exit.*]

Apem. E'en so thou outrunnest grace.—Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

Act II Scene 2

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant ; my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry ; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this ?

Serv. of Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave ; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Serv. of Var. What is a whoremaster, fool ?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit : sometime 't appears like a lord ; sometime like a lawyer ; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones moe than 's artificial one. He is very often like a knight ; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Serv. of Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man ; as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside ; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman ; sometime the philosopher. [*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*]

Flav. Pray you, walk near ; I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Tim. You make me marvel. Wherefore ere this time

Timon of Athens

Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means ?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to :
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back,
And that unaptness made* your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself. [and made my unaptness

Flav. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you ; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept ;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close. I did endure
Not seldom nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
Though you hear now—too late!—yet now's a
time

The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues. The future comes apace ;
What shall defend the interim ? and at length
How goes our reckoning ?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word ;
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone !

Tim. You tell me true.

Act II Scene 2

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,

Call me before the exactest auditors
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retir'd me to a wakeful couch,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night engluttet! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is
Lord Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.*

[i. e. disappear

Tim. Come, sermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine
are crown'd,

Timon of Athens

That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my
friends.

Within there!—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord? my lord?

Tim. I will dispatch you severally:—you to
Lord Lucius;—to Lord Lucullus you: I hunted
with his honour to-day;—you, to Sempronius.
Commend me to their loves, and, I am proud,
say, that my occasions have found time to use
'em toward a supply of money; let the request
be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. [*Aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators—
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing—bid 'em send o'the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold—
For that I knew it the most general way—
To them to use your signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate
voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are
honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wretch—would all were well—'tis
pity;—

Act II Scene 2

And so, intending* other serious matters, [*pretending*
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,*

With certain half-caps* and cold- [*broken hints*
moving nods

They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

[*To a Servant*] Go to Ventidius. [*To Flavius*]

Prithee, be not sad,

Thou art true and honest; ingeniously* [*ingenuously*
I speak,

No blame belongs to thee. [*To Servant*] Ven-
tidius lately

Buried his father, by whose death he's stepp'd

Into a great estate. When he was poor,

Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,

I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from
me;

Bid him suppose some good necessity

Touches his friend, which craves to be re-
member'd

With those five talents. [*Exit Servant.*] [*To*

Flavius] That had, give't these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,

That Timon's fortunes'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it: that
thought is bounty's foe;

Being free itself, it thinks all others so.

[*Exeunt.*]

Timon of Athens

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—A Room in Lucullus's House.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you ; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Luc. [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right ; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night.—Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very respectively welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well, sir ; and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply ; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la! 'nothing doubting,' says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on't, and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my

Act III Scene 1

coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty* is his; I ha' told him on't, but I could [generosity] ne'er get him from't.

Re-enter Servant with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Luc. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Luc. I have observed thee always for a towardsly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. [*To Servant*] Get you gone, sirrah. [*Exit Servant.*] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,

And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee!

[*Throwing the money back.*]

Luc. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,

Timon of Athens

I feel my master's passion! this slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part
of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*]

SCENE 2.—A Public Place.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1st Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2nd Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents, nay, urged extremely for't and showed what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

2nd Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and

Act III Scene 2

such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his ; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion* so many ^{[need} talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord ; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,—

[To Lucius.

Luc. Servilius ! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well ; commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha ! what has he sent ? I am so much endeared to that lord ; he's ever sending : how shall I thank him, thinkest thou ? And what has he sent now ?

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord ; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me ; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius ?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable ! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour ! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do,—the more beast, I say.—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen

Timon of Athens

can witness ; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship ; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind : and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him ?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[*Exit Servilius.*]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed ;
And he that's once denied will hardly speed.

[*Exit.*]

1st Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius ?

2nd Stran. Ay, too well.

1st Stran. Why, this is the world's soul ; and
just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish ? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse,
Supported his estate ; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages : he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip ;
And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !—
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3rd Stran. Religion groans at it.

1st Stran. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend ; yet, I protest,

Act III Scene 3

For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but, I perceive
Men must learn now with pity to dispense,
For policy sits above conscience. *[Exeunt*

SCENE 3.—A Room in Sempronius's House.

Enter Sempronius, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum!—
'bove all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,

They have all been touch'd* and found base [tested
metal, for

They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?

Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?

And does he send to me? Three? hum!

It shows but little love or judgment in him:

Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like
physicians,

Thrice gave him over; must I take the cure
upon me?

Has much disgrac'd me in 't; I'm angry at him,
That might have known my place. I see no
sense for 't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first;

For, in my conscience, I was the first man

That e'er received gift from him:

And does he think so backwardly of me now,

Timon of Athens

That I'll requite it last? No;
So I may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and 'mongst lords be thought a fool.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now
return,
And with their faint reply this answer join:
Who bates mine honour shall not know my
coin. [Exit.

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly
villain. The devil knew not what he did when
he made man politic; he crossed himself by't:
and I cannot think but, in the end, the villainies
of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord
strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to
be wicked, like those that under hot ardent zeal
would set whole realms on fire;

Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only. Now his friends are dead,
Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their
wards* [i. e. were always open

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd

Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;

Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his
house. [Exit.

SCENE 4.—A Hall in Timon's House.

*Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant
of Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensius, and
other Servants of Timon's creditors, waiting
his coming out.*

1st Serv. of Var. Well met; good morrow,
Titus and Hortensius.

Act III Scene 4

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius!

What, do we meet together?

Serv. of Luc. Ay, and I think
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Serv. of Luc. And Sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Serv. of Luc. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Serv. of Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Serv. of Luc. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at
seven.

Serv. of Luc. Ay, but the days are wax'd
shorter with him.

You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear 'tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's
purse;

That is, one may reach deep enough and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange
event.

Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Serv. of Luc. Mark, how strange it shows,

Timon of Athens

Timon in this should pay more than he owes ;
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness.

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1st Serv. of Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns ; what's yours ?

Serv. of Luc. Five thousand mine.

1st Serv. of Var. 'Tis much deep : and it should seem by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine ;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Serv. of Luc. Flaminius ! Sir, a word : pray, is my lord ready to come forth ?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship ; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that ; he knows you are too diligent. [Exit.

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Serv. of Luc. Ha ! is not that his steward muffled so ?

He goes away in a cloud ; call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir ?

2nd Serv. of Var. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friends ?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,

Act III Scene 4

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest into their gluttonous
maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Serv. of Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [Exit.]

1st Serv. of Var. How! what does his cashiered
worship mutter?

2nd Serv. of Var. No matter what; he's poor,
and that's revenge enough. Who can speak
broader than he that has no house to put his
head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know
some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to
repair some other hour, I should derive much
from 't; for, take 't of my soul, my lord leans
wondrously to discontent. His comfortable
temper has forsook him; he's much out of
health, and keeps his chamber.

Serv. of Luc. Many do keep their chambers
are not sick;
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [Within] Servilius, help!—My lord!
my lord!

Timon of Athens

Enter Timon, in a rage; Flaminius following.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Serv. of Luc. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Serv. of Luc. Here's mine.

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both Serv. of Var. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em; cleave me
to the girdle.

Serv. of Luc. Alas, my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Serv. of Luc. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—What
yours?—and yours?

1st Serv. of Var. My lord,—

2nd Serv. of Var. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall
upon you! *[Exit.*

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw
their caps at their money. These debts may
well be called desperate ones, for a madman
owes 'em. *[Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me,
the slaves.

Creditors? devils!

Flav. My dear lord,—

Act III Scene 5

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so. My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius,—all.
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 5.— The Senate-house.

The Senate sitting.

1st Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it:
the fault's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die.
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2nd Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter Alcibiades, with Attendants.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the
senate!

1st Sen. Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,

Timon of Athens

Of comely virtues :

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—
An honour in him which buys out his fault—
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe ;
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1st Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair.
Your words have took such pains as if they
labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form and set
quarrelling
Upon the head of valour, which indeed
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born.
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his
wrongs
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment,
carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill !

Alcib. My lord,—

1st Sen. You cannot make gross sins
look clear ;

To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,

Act III Scene 5

Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it,
And the ass more captain than the lion, the
felon

Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good!
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety; [by your leave
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2nd Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! his service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1st Sen. What's that?

Alcib. I say, my lords, he has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies.
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2nd Sen. He has made too much plenty with
'em;

He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him; in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages
And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

1st Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him—

Timon of Athens

Though his right arm might purchase his own
time

And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both ;

And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all

My honours to you, upon his good returns.

If by this crime he owes the law his life,

Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore ;

For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1st Sen. We are for law : he dies ; urge it no
more,

On height of our displeasure. Friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2nd Sen. How !

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3rd Sen.

What !

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has for-
got me ;

It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace.

My wounds ache at you.

1st Sen.

Do you dare our anger ?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect :

We banish thee for ever.

Alcib.

Banish me !

Banish your dotage ; banish usury,

That makes the senate ugly.

1st Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens con-
tain thee,

Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to
swell our spirit,

He shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt Senators.*]

Act III Scene 6

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough,
that you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!

I'm worse than mad; I have kept back their foes,

While they have told their money and let out

Their coin upon large interest, I myself

Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?

Is this the balsam that the usuring senate

Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!

It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,

That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up

My discontented troops, and lay for* [lay out for
hearts.

'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;

Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

[*Exit.*

SCENE 6.—A Banqueting-room in Timon's
House.

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending.

*Enter divers Lords, Senators, and others,
at several doors.*

1st Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

2nd Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this
honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1st Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring
when we encountered; I hope it is not so low
with him as he made it seem in the trial of his
several friends.

2nd Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion
of his new feasting.

1st Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me
an earnest inviting, which many my near occa-
sions did urge me to put off; but he hath con-
jured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

Timon of Athens

2nd Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1st Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2nd Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1st Lord. A thousand pieces.

2nd Lord. A thousand pieces!

1st Lord. What of you?

2nd Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both; and how fare you?

1st Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2nd Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to 't presently.

1st Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2nd Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

2nd Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Act III Scene 6

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

2nd Lord. If you had sent but two hours before—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—[*The banquet brought in.*] Come, bring in all together.

2nd Lord. All covered dishes!

1st Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3rd Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1st Lord. How do you? What's the news?

3rd Lord. Alcibiades is banished; hear you of it?

1st and 2nd Lord. Alcibiades banished!

3rd Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1st Lord. How? how?

2nd Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3rd Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2nd Lord. This is the old man still.

3rd Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold?

2nd Lord. It does; but time will—and so—

3rd Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress; your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place; sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.—

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised; but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men

Timon of Athens

would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains; if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people—what is amiss in them, you gods, made suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.—
Uncover, dogs, and lap.

*[The dishes are uncovered and seen
to be full of warm water.]*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-
warm water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany.

[Throwing the water in their faces.]

Live loath'd and long,

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's
flies,

Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady

Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?

Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and
thou;—

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

[Petts them with stones, and drives them out.]

Act IV Scene 1

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity! [Exit.

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, etc.

1st Lord. How now, my lords!

2nd Lord. Know you the quality of Lord
Timon's fury?

3rd Lord. Push*! did you see my cap? [pslaw

4th Lord. I have lost my gown.

1st Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but
humour sways him. He gave me a jewel* th'
other day, and now he has beat it out [a hat-buckle
of my hat;—did you see my jewel?

3rd Lord. Did you see my cap?

2nd Lord. Here 'tis.

4th Lord. Here lies my gown.

1st Lord. Let's make no stay.

2nd Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

3rd Lord. I feel't upon my bones.

4th Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next
day stones. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou
wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
'And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incon-
tinent!
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths

Timon of Athens

Convert o' the instant, green virginity,
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants,
steal!

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill* by law. Maid, to thy master's [pillage
bed;

Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd* crutch from thy old limp- [padded
ing sire,

With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live! Plagues incident to
men,

Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely* poison! Nothing I'll bear [absolutely
from thee,

But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans*!

[accumulated curses
Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

Act IV Scene 2

The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all—
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen. [Exit.]

SCENE 2.—Athens. A Room in Timon's House.

Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

1st Serv. Hear you, master steward, where's
our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say
to you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1st Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2nd Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our
fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3rd Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's
livery;

That see I by our faces: we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,

Timon of Athens

Hearing the surges threat; we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and
say,

As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
'We have seen better days.' Let each take some;
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word
more;

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Servants embrace, and part several ways.]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?

Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship? *[comprise]*

To have his pomp and all that state compounds*
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?

Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,*

[disposition]

When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?

For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.

My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,

Rich, only to be wretched,—thy great fortunes

Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!

He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat

Of monstrous friends, nor has he with him to

Supply his life, or that which can command it.

I'll follow and inquire him out:

I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;

Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

[Exit.]

Act IV Scene 3

SCENE 3.—Woods and Cave, near the Sea-shore.

Enter Timon, from the cave.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth

Rotten humidity ; below thy sister's orb* [*the moon*]
Infect the air ! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several
fortunes,

The greater scorns the lesser ; not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great
fortune,

But by contempt of nature.

Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord ;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.

It is the pasture lards the rother's* sides, [*oxen's*]
The want that makes him lean. Who dares,
who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,

And say 'This man's a flatterer' ? If one be,
So are they all, for every grise* of fortune [*degree*]
Is smooth'd by that below ; the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique ;

There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men !

His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains ;
Destruction fang mankind ! Earth, yield me
roots !

[*Digging.*]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison !—What is
here ?

Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens !

Timon of Athens

Thus much of this will make black white, foul
fair,

Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward
valiant.

Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods?
Why, this

Will lug your priests and servants from your
sides,

Pluckstout men's pillows from below their heads;
This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions, bless the accurs'd,
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd, place thieves

And give them title, knee, and approbation
With senators on the bench: this is it

That makes the wappen'd* widow wed [lover-worn]
again;

She, whom the spital-house* and ulcerous [hospital]
sores

Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again.—Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st
odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature. *[March afar off.]* Ha! a
drum?—Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee; thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.—

Nay, stay thou out for earnest.* [pledge money]
[Keeping some gold.]

*Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife, in
warlike manner; Phrynia and Timandra.*

Alcib. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw
thy heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man!

Act IV Scene 3

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful
to thee,

That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I
know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum; [red, red
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules.*
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;

Then what should war be? This fell whore of
thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this
change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to
give:

But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform
none; if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague
thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform,
confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Timon of Athens

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world

Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth

To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I have heard, and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well.

Act IV Scene 3

Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;

And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains,

Thou wast born to conquer my country.

Put up thy gold; go on,—here's gold,—go on.

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air; let not thy sword skip one.

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;

He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully* pronounc'd thy [ambiguously] throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;

Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,

Timon of Athens

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers ;

Make large confusion, and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phry. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon ; hast thou more.

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,

And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant ; you are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions. Be whores still ;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up :
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains, six months,

Be quite contrary : and thatch your poor thin roofs

With burthens of the dead* ;—some that [false hair] were hang'd,

No matter :—wear them, betray with them :
whore still ;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face.
A pox of wrinkles !

Act IV Scene 3

Phry. and Timan. Well, more gold.—What then?

Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's
voice,

That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly : hoar the flamen,*
[make the priest white with leprosy

That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself : down with the nose,
Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal : make curl'd-pate
ruffians bald ;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you. Plague all,
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold :
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all !

Phry. and Timan. More counsel with more
money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first ; I have
given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens !—
Farewell, Timon.

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and
take

Thy beagles with thee.

Timon of Athens

Alcib. We but offend him.—Strike!
[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades,
Phrynia, and Timandra.*]

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's un-
kindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*]

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—dear thanks!—
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague, plague!

Apem. I was directed hither; men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a
dog,
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch
thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;

Act IV Scene 3

A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this
place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on the cunning of a carper.

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,*
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus; [quality
Thou gav'st thine ears like tapsters that bid
welcome

To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my like-
ness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like
thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd
trees,

That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip where thou point'st out? will the cold
brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the
creatures

Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused
trunks,

To the conflicting elements expos'd,

Timon of Athens

Answer mere nature ; bid them flatter thee ;
O, thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee. Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why ?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out ?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in 't ?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What ! a knave too ?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well ; but thou
Dost it enforcedly : thou 'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives uncertain pomp, is crown'd before :
The one is filling still, never complete ;
The other, at high wish. Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath,* pro-
ceeded

[i.e. infancy

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd
thyself

In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd

Act IV Scene 3

The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts
of men

At duty, more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows,—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burthen ;
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou
hate men ?

They never flatter'd thee ; what hast thou given ?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone !
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet ?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was

No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now ;

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of Athens were in this !
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here ; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him a root.*

Tim. First mend my company, take away
thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack
of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd ;

Timon of Athens

If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,

Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest;

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat, or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity*; [fastidiousness in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Act IV Scene 3

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion* of men, and remain a beast [destruction with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t'attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accused by the ass; if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf; if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner; wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury; wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion* and thy defence absence. What beast [removal couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art, thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here; the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Timon of Athens

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap* of all the fools ^{top} alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.
I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon 't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave:
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Act IV Scene 3

'Thy grave-stone daily ; make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
[*To the gold*] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear
divorce

'Twixt natural son and sire ! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss ! that speak'st with every
tongue,

To every purpose ! O thou touch* of [*touchstone*
hearts !

Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire !

Apem. Would 'twere so !
But not till I am dead. I'll say thou'st gold ;
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to !

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery.

Tim. Long live so, and so die. [*Exit Apemantus.*] I am quit.

Moe things like men ! Eat, Timon, and abhor
them.

Enter Banditti.

1st Ban. Where should he have this gold ?
It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his
remainder ; the mere want of gold, and the
falling-from of his friends, drove him into this
melancholy.

2nd Ban. It is noised he hath a mass of
treasure.

Timon of Athens

3rd Ban. Let us make the assay upon him : if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily ; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it ?

2nd Ban. True ; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1st Ban. Is not this he ?

Banditti. Where ?

2nd Ban. 'Tis his description.

3rd Ban. He ; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves ?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too ; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

Why should you want ? Behold, the earth hath roots ;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs ;
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips ;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want ! why want ?

1st Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries,
water,

As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds,
and fishes ;

[must give you thanks

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con*
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes ; for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the
grape,

Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so scape hanging. Trust not the physician ;

Act IV Scene 3

His antidotes are poison, and he slays
Moe than you rob. Take wealth and lives
together ;

Do villany, do, since you protest to do't,
Like workinen. I'll example you with thievery :
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea ; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun ;
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears ; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement : each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough
power

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves ;
away,

Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut
throats ;

All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go,
Break open shops ; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it. Steal no less for this
I give you ; and gold confound you howsoe'er !
Amen.

3rd Ban. Has almost charmed me from my
profession, by persuading me to it.

1st Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that
he thus advises us ; not to have us thrive in
our mystery.

2nd Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy, and
give over my trade.

1st Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens ;
there is no time so miserable but a man may be
true.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*]

Enter Flavius.

Fla. O you gods !

Timon of Athens

Is yond despis'd and ruinous man, my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that
do!

Has caught me in his eye; I will present
My honest grief unto him, and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all
men;

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have
forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I never had honest man about me, I; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? Come nearer.
Then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping;
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not
with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,

Act IV Scene 3

To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth
lasts

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman. [unexcepting
Forgive my general and exceptless* rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem'st thyself; but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise,
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service;
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true—
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure—
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men deal
gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose
breast

Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late,
You should have fear'd false times when you
did feast;

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,

Timon of Athens

Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest
man,
Here, take; the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy,
But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar; give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow
'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing. Be men like
blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so farewell and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not; fly, whilst thou are blest and free.
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exit Flavius. Timon retires to his cave.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Woods. Before Timon's Cave.

*Enter Poet and Painter; Timon watching
them from his cave.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot
be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the
rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain; Alcibiades reports it. Phrynia
and Timandra had gold of him; he likewise

Act V Scene 1

enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity; 'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his; it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation; only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying* is quite out of use. To promise is most [performance of promises] courtly and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

[Timon comes from his cave, behind.]

Tim. *[Aside]* Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery* of the infinite [exposure] flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. *[Aside]* Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine

Timon of Athens

own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him.

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;

When the day serves, before black-corner'd
night,

Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. [*Aside*] I'll meet you at the turn.

What a god's gold,

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the
foam,

Settlest admired* reverence in a slave: [*admiring*

To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye

Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey!

Fit I meet them. [*Coming forward.*

Poet. Hail! worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master!

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,

Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,

Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—

Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—

What! to you,

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence

To their whole being! I am rapt and cannot

cover

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude

With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better;

You that are honest, by being what you are,

Act V Scene 1

Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our
service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I
requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you
service.

Tim. Ye're honest men. Ye've heard that I
have gold;

I am sure you have; speak truth; ye're honest
men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a
counterfeit* [portrait

Best in all Athens: thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say.—And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and
smooth

That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,

I must needs say you have a little fault;

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Timon of Athens

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a
knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog,* see him [cheat
dissemble,
Know his gross patchery,* love him, feed [rogue]ry
him,
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you
gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies.
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a
draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way and you this, but two in
company;
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.—
If where thou art two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack! there's gold; you came for gold,
ye slaves!—

[*To Painter*] You have work'd for me, there's
payment; hence!

[*To Poet*] You are an alchemist, make gold of
that.

Out, rascal dogs!

[*Beats them out, and then retires to his cave.*]

Act V Scene 1

Enter Flavius and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with
Timon;

For he is set so only to himself
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.

1st Sen. Bring us to his cave ;
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.

2nd Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same. 'Twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus ; time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to
him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon!
Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends. The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee.
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Timon comes from his cave.

Tim. Thou sun that comfort'st, burn!—
Speak, and be hang'd!
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1st Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of
Timon.

1st Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee,
Timon.

Tim. I thank them, and would send them
back the plague,

Timon of Athens

Could I but catch it for them.

1st Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2nd Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness to general, gross:
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were
theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprise me to the very brink of tears.
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

1st Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return
with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority; so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2nd Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

Act V Scene 1

1st Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir;
thus:

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then let him know, — and tell him Timon
speaks it,

In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him,—that I care not,
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives
care not,

While you have throats to answer. For myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave
you

To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1st Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wrack,
As common bruit doth put it.

1st Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving country-
men,—

Timon of Athens

1st Sen. These words become your lips as they pass thorough them.

2nd Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumphers

In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes.
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness
do them ;

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades'
wrath.

1st Sen. I like this well ; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my
close,

That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it ; tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further ; thus you still
shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again ; but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Who once a day with his embossed* froth [foaming
The turbulent surge shall cover. Thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language end ;
What is amiss plague and infection mend !
Graves only be men's works, and death their
gain !

Act V Scene 2

Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his
reign. *[Retires to his cave.]*

1st Sen. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

2nd Sen. Our hope in him is dead; let us
return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1st Sen. It requires swift foot. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE 2.—Before the Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

1st Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd; are
his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least;
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2nd Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring
not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love had a particular force,
And made us speak like friends. This man was
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

1st Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter the Senators from Timon.

3rd Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him
expect.

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring

Timon of Athens

Doth choke the air with dust ; in, and prepare.
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 3.—The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a
rude Tomb seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is
this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span.
Some beast read this! there does not live a man.
Dead, sure, and this his grave. What's on this
tomb

I cannot read ; the character I'll take with wax :
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An aged interpreter, though young in days.
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE 4.—Before the Walls of Athens.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his
powers.*

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious
town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice ; till now myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms and
breath'd*

[made mention of

Act V Scene 4

Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries of itself 'No more;' now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
And pury insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

1st Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2nd Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promis'd means.
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1st Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs; nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies, and schools
should fall
For private faults in them.

2nd Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread.
By decimation and a tithed death—
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes—take thou the destin'd
tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

1st Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square* to take [just

Act V Scene 4

Enter Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea ;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [Reads] '*Here lies a wretched corse, of
wretched soul bereft ;*

*Seek not my name. A plague consume you
wicked caitiffs left !*'

['*Here lie I, Timon, who, alive, all living men
did hate ;*

*Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay
not here thy gait.*']

These well express in thee thy latter spirits.
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow* and those our ^{tears}
droplets which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon ; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword,
Make war breed peace, make peace stint war,
make each

Prescribe to other as each other's leech.—

Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*



THE
TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
 MARCUS ANTONIUS, } Triumvirs, after the death of
 M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } Julius Cæsar.

CICERO,
 PUBLIUS, } Senators.
 POPILIUS LENA, }

MARCUS BRUTUS,
 CASSIUS,
 CASCA,
 TREBONIUS,
 LIGARIUS,
 DECIUS BRUTUS,
 METELLUS CIMBER, } Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.
 CINNA, }

FLAVIUS, } Tribunes.
 MARULLUS, }

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a Poet.

Another Poet.

LUCILIUS,
 TITINIUS,
 MESSALA, } Friends to Brutus and Cassius.
 Young CATO, }
 VOLUMNIUS, }

VARRO,
 CLITUS,
 CLAUDIUS,
 STRATO, } Servants to Brutus.
 LUCIUS, }
 DARDANIUS, }

PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.

CALPURNIA, wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: during the great part of the play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis, and near Philippi.

THE
TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Rome. A Street.

*Enter Flavius, Marullus, and a rabble
of Citizens.*

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get
you home.

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical,* you ought not walk [mechanics]
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1st Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

2nd Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine work-
man, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me
directly.

2nd Cit. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use
with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a
mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty
knave, what trade? [do not quarrel]

2nd Cit. Nay I beseech you, sir, be not out*
with me; yet if you be out,* sir, I [i.e. out at heels]
can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me,
thou saucy fellow?

2nd Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Julius Cæsar

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2nd Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2nd Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest*
brings he home? [booty

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless
things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Act I Scene 2

Be gone !

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this
fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

See whether their basest metal be not mov'd !
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol ;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so ?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter ; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets ;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's
wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,* [height
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.—A Public Place.

*Enter, in procession with Music, Cæsar ; Antony,
for the course ; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius,
Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca, a great
crowd following, among them a Soothsayer*

Cæs. Calpurnia !

Casca. Peace, ho ! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*]

Julius Cæsar

Cæs. Calpurnia !

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way
When he doth run his course.—Antonius !

Ant. Cæsar, my lord !

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia ; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember ;
When Cæsar says, ' Do this, ' it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*

Sooth. Cæsar !

Cæs. Ha ! who calls ?

Casca. Bid every noise be still. Peace yet
again ! [*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me ?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, ' Cæsar. ' Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that ?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides
of March.

Cæs. Set him before me ; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng ; look
upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now ? Speak
once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him :—pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome ; I do lack some part

Act I Scene 2

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have ;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd ; if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely* upon myself. Vexed I am [entirely
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper* to myself, [peculiar
Which give some soil,* perhaps, to my [tarnish
behaviours ;
But let not therefore my good friends be
griev'd,—

Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—
Nor construe any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion ;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath
buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just ;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,

Julius Cæsar

Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to
hear ;
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus :
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[Flourish and shout.

Bru. What means this shouting ? I do fear
the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it ?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius, yet I love him
well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?
What is it that you would impart to me ?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently ;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Act I Scene 2

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar, so were you ;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, ' Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ? ' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow ; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, ' Help me, Cassius, or I sink. '
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him I did mark
How he did shake : ' tis true, this god did shake ;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the
world
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan ;

Julius Cæsar

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl.—Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that
'Cæsar?'

Why should that name be sounded more than
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Cæsar.'

[*Shout.*

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art
sham'd!

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?

Act I Scene 2

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king!

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing
jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew* upon (ruminate)
this:

Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much
show
Of fire from Brutus.

Enter Cæsar and his train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is re-
turning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the
sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,

Julius Cæsar

And all the rest look like a chidden train ;
Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret* and such fiery eyes ^{tried}
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius !

Ant. Cæsar ?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar ; he 's not dangerous.
He is a noble Roman and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter ! But I fear him not.
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no
plays,

As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet.* *Exeunt Cæsar and his
train. Casca remains.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak ; would
you speak with me ?

Act I Scene 2

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,

That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him; and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it; it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-

Julius Cæsar

caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you. What! did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness.* [epilepsy]

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope* his [the plucked open] doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Act I Scene 2

Bru. And after that he came thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again. But those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for my own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit Casca.*]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave
you:

To-morrow if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so; till then, think of the
world. [*Exit Brutus.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,

Julius Cæsar

Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd : therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes ;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd ?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus ;
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands,* in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens, [handwritings]
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at ;
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
[Exit.]

SCENE 3.—A Street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home ?

Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway
of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds :
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

Act I Scene 3

Casca. A common slave—you know him well
by sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I have not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me and went surly by
Without annoying me ; and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noonday upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
'These are their reasons,—they are natural ;'
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time ;
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night, then, Casca ; this disturbed
sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*]

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who 's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night
is this !

Julius Cæsar

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full
of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone ;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt
the heavens ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of
life

That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and case yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens ;
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordi-
nance,

Their natures and preformed faculties,
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,—

Act I Scene 3

A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not,
Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger,
then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most
strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*]

Casca. So can I;
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

Julius Cæsar

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws : what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar ! But, O grief !
Where hast thou led me ? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman ; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering* tell-tale. Hold, my ^{sneering}
hand ;

Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cus. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch : for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one
in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna ; I do know him by his gait :
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so ?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that ? Metellus
Cimber ?

Cas. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna ?

Act I Scene 3

Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party!

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,

Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this

In at his window; set this up with wax

Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,

Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.

Is Decius* Brutus and Trebonius there? [Decimus

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [Exit Cinna.

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day

See Brutus at his house; three parts of him

Is ours already, and the man entire

Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts; And that which would appear offence in us His countenance, like richest alchemy, Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him [conceiv'd

You have right well conceited.* Let us go,

For it is after midnight, and ere day

We will awake him and be sure of him.

[Exeunt.

Julius Cæsar

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Rome. Brutus's Orchard.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What,
Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius;
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death; and, for my
part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd;—
How that might change his nature, there's the
question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?
that;

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of
Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,

Act II Scene 1

Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees*
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may. flow steps
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the
quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
chievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[Gives him the letter.]

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. *[Exit.]*

Bru. The exhalations* whizzing in the air [meteors]
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.]

'Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!'--

'Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!'

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

'Shall Rome, etc.' Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What!
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

Julius Cæsar

'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated
To speak and strike?—O Rome! I make thee
promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody
knocks. [Exit *Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion,* all the interim is [suggestion
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream;
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir; there are moe with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about
their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let 'em enter. [Exit *Lucius.*
They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by
night,

Act II Scene 1

When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,
Conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For, if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna,
Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this,
Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the east; doth not the day
break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both
deceiv'd.

Julius Cæsar

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ; [verging
Which is a great way growing* on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the
north

He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath ! If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, —
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed ;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress ? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter ? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd
That this shall be, or we will fall for it ? [crafty
Swear priests and cowards and men cantelous,*
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt ; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive metal of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath, when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several hasty
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Act II Scene 1

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break* with
him, [broach the matter]
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only
Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd. I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver, and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood;
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,

Julius Cæsar

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murtherers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought and die for Cæsar;
And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that. If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear

Act II Scene 1

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
But, when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.

Let me work ;

For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch
him.

Bru. By the eighth hour ; is that the utter-
most ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him :
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's ; we'll leave
you, Brutus.

And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all re-
member

What you have said, and show yourselves true
Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy :
And so, good morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but Brutus.]

Boy ! Lucius ! Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Julius Cæsar

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently,
Brutus,

Stole from my bed; and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about, [folded]
Musing and sighing, with your arms across*;
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.

I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your
head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical* [natural]
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,

Act II Scene 1

To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm* you, by my once commended [conjure]
beauty,

By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know
this secret.

I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.

Julius Cæsar

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em :
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh ; can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets ?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife !

[*Knocking within.*

Hark, hark ! one knocks. Portia, go in a while ;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.

Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knocks ?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with
you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius ! how ?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble
tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out,
brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief ! Would you were not sick !

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome !
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins !
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

Act II Scene 2

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick
men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must
make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.—A Room in Cæsar's Palace.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar in
his night-gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace
to-night;
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!'—Who's
within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter Calpurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to
walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth. The things that
threaten'd me

Julius Cæsar

Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall
see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their
dead ;

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of
war,

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol ;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the
streets.

O Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods ?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth ; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their
deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should
fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Act II Scene 2

Enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not. Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas! my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day;
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy
Cæsar;

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Cannot is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?

Julius Cæsar

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell greybeards the truth? —
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will; I will not come:
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dream'd to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it;
And these does she apply for warnings and por-
tents

And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.*

This by Calpurnia's dream is signified. [badges]

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can
say;

And know it now. The senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.

If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
'Break up the senate till another time,

Act II Scene 2

When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'?

Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now,
Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

*Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus,
Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—

Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within.

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna.—Now, Metellus.—What, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you.

Remember that you call on me to-day;

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will. [*Aside*] And so near will
I be

Julius Cæsar

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me ;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 3.—A Street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a Paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ; come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ; Decius Brutus loves thee not ; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you ; security* gives way to conspiracy. [*carelessness*]
The mighty gods defend thee ! Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.—

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live ;

If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*]

SCENE 4—Another Part of the same Street,
before the House of Brutus.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.

Act II Scene 4

Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—

O constancy, be strong upon my side,

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—

Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

For he went sickly forth; and take good note

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well.

I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing,

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand, To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Julius Cæsar

Sooth. That I have, lady; if it will please
Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended
towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I
fear may chance.

Good morrow to you.—Here the street is narrow;
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!—
Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint!—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

*A crowd of People in the Street leading to the
Capitol; among them Artemidorus and
the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Cæsar,
Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus,
Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Po-
pilius, Publius, and others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Act III Scene 1

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a
suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great
Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last
serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What! is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What! urge you your petitions in the
street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following.

All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[Advances to Cæsar.]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cæs. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might
thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear preven-
tion.—

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæs. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,
Brutus,

Julius Cæsar

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Cæsar
and the Senators take their seats.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd*; press near and [ready
second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your
hand.

Casca. Are we all ready?

Cæs. What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puis-
sant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart. [Kneeling.

Cæs. I must prevent* thee, Cimber. [stop
These couchings* and these lowly cour- [bowings
tesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools,—I mean sweet
words,

Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my
own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing* of my banish'd brother? [recalling

Act III Scene 1

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.

So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;

Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,

Let me a little show it, even in this,—

That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar!—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus hootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.]

Cæs. Et tu, Brute!—Then, fall, Cæsar.

[Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Julius Cæsar

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, **Irostra*, in Forum
and cry out,

‘Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!’

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition’s debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where’s Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar’s

Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good
cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people
Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Treb. Fled to his house amaz’d.

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; ’tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of
life

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit;
So are we Cæsar’s friends, that have abridg’d
Histime of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,

Act III Scene 1

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords ;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, 'Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!'

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash.—How many ages
hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in
sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What! shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away ;
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of
Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me
kneel ;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say I love Brutus and I honour him ;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead

Julius Cæsar

So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to
friend.

Cas. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome,
Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made
rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,

Act III Scene 1

As here by Cæsar and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony;

Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in,
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver* you the cause [tell
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metel-
lus;—
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good
Trebinius.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit*
me, [imagine

Julius Cæsar

Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true!
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd,
 brave hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe.—
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer stricken by many princes
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd* in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you? (marked

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was
 indeed
Sway'd from the point by looking down on
 Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard

Act III Scene 1

That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That 's all I seek ;
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside*] You know not what you do. Do not
consent

That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon ;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death ;
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's
body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do 't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Julius Cæsar

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds ;
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Ate* by his side come hot [goddess of mischief
from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war* ;
[fire, sword, famine
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters and is coming,
And bid me say to you, by word of mouth—
O Cæsar!— [Seeing the body.

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,

Act III Scene 2

Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what
hath chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile ;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place : there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*]

SCENE 2.—The Forum.

*Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng
of Citizens.*

Citizens. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.* [divide the crowd]
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1st Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

2nd Cit. I will hear Cassius, and compare
their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.*
Brutus goes into the pulpit

Julius Cæsar

3rd Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brntus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Act III Scene 2

Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1st Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2nd Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3rd Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

4th Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1st Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2nd Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1st Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony;
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1st Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3rd Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4th Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

3rd Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Julius Cæsar

4th Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of
Brutus here.

1st Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3rd Cit. Nay, that's certain ;

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2nd Cit. Peace, let us hear what Antony can
say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me
your ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious ;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—

For Brutus is an honourable man,

So are they all, all honourable men,—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransom did the general coffers fill ;

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath
wept ;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?

Act III Scene 2

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause ;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for
him ?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1st Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2nd Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3rd Cit. Has he, masters ?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4th Cit. Mark'd ye his words ? He would not
take the crown ;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1st Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2nd Cit. Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire
with weeping.

3rd Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome
than Antony.

4th Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to
speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.

I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Julius Cæsar

Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4th Cit. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it?

4th Cit. Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony!
You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

4th Cit. They were traitors! Honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2nd Cit. They were villains, murderers! The will! Read the will!

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Act III Scene 2

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2nd Cit. Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3rd Cit. You shall have leave.

4th Cit. A ring; stand round.

1st Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from
the body.

A Cit. Room for Antony! most noble Antony!

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them
now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty
heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

Julius Cæsar

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1st Cit. O, piteous spectacle!

2nd Cit. O, noble Cæsar!

3rd Cit. O, woful day!

4th Cit. O, traitors, villains!

1st Cit. O, most bloody sight!

2nd Cit. We will be reveng'd!

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire!
Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1st Cit. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

2nd Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable.

What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and
honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is,

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

Act III Scene 2

I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor
dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1st Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3rd Cit. Away, then! come, seek the con-
spirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me
speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble
Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know
not what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not! I must tell you, then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true;—the will!—let's stay, and
hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2nd Cit. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge
his death.

3rd Cit. O, royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Julius Cæsar

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1st Cit. Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2nd Cit. Go, fetch fire.

3rd Cit. Pluck down benches.

4th Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art
afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now,
fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 3.—A Street.

Enter Cinna the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with
Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1st Cit. What is your name?

Act III Scene 3

2nd Cit. Whither are you going?

3rd Cit. Where do you dwell?

4th Cit. Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2nd Cit. Answer every man directly.

1st Cit. Ay, and briefly.

4th Cit. Ay, and wisely.

3rd Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly. Wisely, I say, I am a bachelor.

2nd Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry;—you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1st Cit. As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2nd Cit. That matter is answered directly.

4th Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3rd Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1st Cit. Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4th Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2nd Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3rd Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away! go! [Exeunt.]

Julius Cæsar

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—A Room in Antony's House.

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die ; their names
are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die. Consent
you, Lepidus ?

Lep. I do consent,—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live ; look, with a spot I
damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house ;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here ?

Oct. Or here or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands ; is it fit,
The three-fold* world divided, he [*Europe, Africa, Asia*]
should stand

One of the three* to share it? [*triumvirs*]

Oct. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you :
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,

Act IV Scene 2

Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will ;
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so :
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth ;
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him
But as a property.—And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers ; we must straight make
head :

Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd ;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so : for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies ;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 2.—Before the Tent of Brutus, in the
Camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Titinius, and
Soldiers ; Pindarus meeting them ; Lucius
at a distance.

Bru. Stand, ho !

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Julius Cæsar

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.*]

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pin-
darus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*]

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd.
March gently on to meet him.

Act IV Scene 3

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

1st Sol. Stand.

2nd Sol. Stand.

3rd Sol. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,

And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.

Lucius and Titinius, guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 3.—Within the Tent of Brutus.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear
in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Julius Cæsar

Wherein my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a
case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart* your offices for gold [traffic with]
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this cor-
ruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March
remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Act IV Scene 3

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no
further.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is 't possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods ! Must I endure all
this ?

Bru. All this ? Ay, more. Fret till your
proud heart break ;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I
budge ?

Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour ? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong
me, Brutus ;
I said an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say ' better ? '

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have
tempted him.

Julius Cæsar

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry
for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection.*—I did send [unfairness]
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like
Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath
riv'd my heart;

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Act IV Scene 3

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavins, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius!

For Cassius is aweary of the world;

Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,

Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,

Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast; within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:

Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,

When thou didst hate him worse, thou lov'dst
him better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger;

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;

Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,

That carries anger as the flint bears fire,

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark

And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Julius Cæsar

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother
gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
[Noise within.]

Poet. *[Within]* Let me go in to see the generals:
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. *[Within]* You shall not come to them.

Poet. *[Within]* Nothing but death shall stay
me.

Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius and Titinius.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! What do
you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah! saucy fellow,
hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour when he knows
his time.

What should the wars do with these jiggings*
fools!—

[rhyming]

Companion,* hence!

[fellow]

Cas. Away, away! be gone!

[Exit Poet.]

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you,

Act IV Scene 3

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Luc. and Tit.*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs!

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?

O, insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness*? [*From what complaint?*]

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony

Have made themselves so strong; for with her death

That tidings came. With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius, with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*]

Enter Titinius, with Messala.

Bru. Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala.—

Julius Cæsar

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame
tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of out-
lawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her
in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die,
Messala.

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Act IV Scene 3

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive.* [as living men

What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us;

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence, whilst we lying still

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place
to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground.

Do stand but in a forc'd affection,

For they have grudg'd us contribution.

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new-added,* and [reinforced
encourag'd;

From which advantage shall we cut him off

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note
beside

That we have tried the utmost of our friends.

Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:

The enemy increaseth every day;

We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Julius Cæsar

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on
We'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
'There is no more to say?

Cus. No more. Good night!
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

Bru. Lucius! my gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Fare-
well, good Messala!—
Good night, Titinius!—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose!

Cus. O my dear brother,
This was an ill beginning of the night;
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Enter Lucius, with the gown.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord!

Bru. Good night, good brother!

Tit., Mes. Good night, lord Brutus!

Bru. Farewell, every one!

[*Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala.*]

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here, in the tent.

Bru. What! thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-
watch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Act IV Scene 3

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch
your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[Servants lie down.]

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give
it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy; I am much
forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy
might;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep
again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,

I will be good to thee. *[Music and a song.]*

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music!—Gentle knave, good
night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument:

Julius Cæsar

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.—

Let me see, let me see,—is not the leaf turn'd down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at
Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see
any thing?

Act V Scene 1

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake!

Var. My lord!

Clau. My lord!

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your
sleep?

Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay, saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother
Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var., Clau. It shall be done, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—The Plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions. [battalions
It proves not so: their battles* are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery,* thinking by [timorous bravado
this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have
courage;
But 'tis not so.

Julius Cæsar

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals :
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent* ?

Oct. I do not cross you ; but I will do so. [exigency

[*March.*

Drum. *Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army ;
Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.*

Bru. They stand and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius ; we must out and
talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their
charge.

Make forth ; the generals would have some
words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows ; is it so, country-
men ?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give
good words ;

Witness the hole **you** made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying 'Long live ! **Hail**, Cæsar !'

Cas.

Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

Act V Scene 1

And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too ;

For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so when your vile
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar :

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd
like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet,
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, you flatterers !

Cas. Flatterers !—Now, Brutus, thank your-
self ;

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause ; if arguing make
us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look, I draw a sword against conspirators ;
When think you that the sword goes up again ?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors'
hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope ;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honour-
able.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such
honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Julius Cæsar

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away!—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and
swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord!

[*Brutus and Lucilius talk apart.*]

Cas. Messala!

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala;
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd

Act V Scene 1

To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together;
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself. I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile, [anticipate
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent*
The time* of life,—arming myself with [term
patience

To stay* the providence of some high powers [await
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no! think not, thou noble
Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same
day

Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Julius Cæsar

Bru. Why, then lead on.—O that a man
might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.—The Field of Battle.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
bills
Unto the legions on the other side.
[*Loud alarum.*]

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 3.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy.
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early,
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off!
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off!

Cas. This hill is far enough.—Look, look,
Titinius;

Act V Scene 3

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again even with a thought.

[*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

[*Pindarus goes up.*]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*Above*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius!
Now some light. O, he lights too. He's ta'en;
and, hark!

They shout for joy. [*Shout.*]

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Pindarus comes down.

Come hither, sirrah!
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep
thine oath!

Julius Cæsar

Now be a freeman ; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search* [pierce
this bosom.

Stand not to answer : here, take thou the hilts ;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art re-
veng'd,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.

Pin. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will.—O Cassius !

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[Exit.

Enter Titinius, with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him ?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground ?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O, my heart !

Mes. Is not that he ?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun !
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set ;
The sun of Rome is set ! Our day is gone ;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are
done !

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this
deed.

O hateful Error, Melancholy's child !

Act V Scene 3

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears;—I may say, thrusting it,
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit Messala.*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear
their shouts?

Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part;
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Dies.*]

Alarum. Enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato.

He is slain.

Julius Cæsar

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as
these?—

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more
tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.

Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body;

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 4.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both
Armies; then Brutus, Cato, Lucilius, and
others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your
heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go
with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[*Charges the enemy.*

Act V Scene 4

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;
Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for
Brutus ! *[Exit, charging the enemy.*

Cato is overpowered, and falls.

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1st Sol. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die :
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight ;
[Offering money.

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1st Sol. We must not.—A noble prisoner !

2nd Sol. Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is
ta'en.

1st Sol. I'll tell the news. Here comes the
general.

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Luc. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough.
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus ;
The gods defend him from so great a shame !
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure
you,

A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness ; I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanc'd. *[Exeunt.*

Julius Cæsar

SCENE 5.—Another Part of the Field.

*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato,
and Volumnius.*

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on
this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but,
my lord,

He came not back ; he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the
word ;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

[*Whispering.*

Cli. What ! I, my lord ? No, not for all the
world.

Bru. Peace then ! no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius ! [*Whispers him.*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed ?

Cli. O Dardanius !

Dar. O Clitus !

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,

That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius ; list a
word.

Vol. What says my lord ?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius :

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night ; at Sardis once,

And this last night here in Philippi fields.

I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;

Act V Scene 5

Our enemies have beat us to the pit :

[*Low alarums.*]

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school to-
gether ;

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord ! there is no tarrying
here.

Bru. Farewell to you ;—and you ;—and you,
Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon my eyes ; my bones would
rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly !'*]

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly !

Bru. Hence, I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;
Thy life hath had some smatch* of honour {smack
in it :

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Julius Cæsar

Stra. Give me your hand first ; fare you well,
my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be
still ;

I kill'd not thee wth half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony,
Messala, Lucilius, and the Army.*

Oct. What man is that ?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy
master ?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Mes-
sala :

The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank
thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain*
them.—

[*employ*]

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer* me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

[*commend*]

Mes. How died my master, Strato ?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all.

All the conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;

He only, in a general honest thought

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements

So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up

Act V Scene 5

And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—

So, call the field to rest, and let's away,

To part* the glories of this happy day. [share

{*Exeunt.*







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